

Herringbone

Vinnie Paz

We were on a mission
Trying to go gun somebody down
I got like three feet behind him
And I guess he felt somebody behind him
And when he flinched to look back I shot him
I shot him right in the face
I seen his whole jaw just, fly
Just his teeth were on the sidewalk

[Ghostface Killah:]

Yo, a-yo, it's Deni, Staten Island, slang therapist
Local gemologist, back like Apollo Kids
Brutal, stir a nigga brain like a cup of noodle
Tony Picasso didn't shit, but a little doodle
Goo-goo face, keep new boo laced
Screaming out, "More bass", spazzing on tour dates
Ding donging bitches flicking they pussy lips
French vanilla butter pecan, I call 'em sugar tits
Palming they ass, one finger in the stinker
Forty pound herringbone chain without a kinker
Minger, my fur got stashed by some chambers
Barracuda grip, big stones is in my banger
El Chapo, guns more rockier than mountain
Stopped the James Bond van and piss in the fountains
We out

[Vinnie Paz:]

The only motherfucker that's thought of like he a mystical
It's criminal, the way that he slaughter all of the physical
Horror is not predictable, honor is not a ritual
It's Hell up in Harlem when they shot him in 1962
The nine is lifting you to a higher body, celestial
The pistol do the damage, no matter what the medicinal
Hiding behind municipal, got inside the invincible
I tried to find a rhyme that can silence the higher sentinel
You added to the violence, the violence is my monopoly
Feed 'em to the assassin, then smash 'em like he was pottery
Slash 'em with the isosceles, haram passed me the Wallabees
I'll take the Glock and flee after robbing 'em like democracy
How could you be honoring the fallen father, the harbinger
The foreigner of everything, holy call me the conqueror
The room darkener, I'm the toolie toter, the carpenter
The God philosopher, it's the holy mountain, the sorcerer
Muerte